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Popular Tales.

TALE THIRD.

THE KING OF THE PEAK, A DERBY-SHIRE TALE.

What time the bird wakes in its bower,
He stood, and look'd on Haddon tower;
High rose it o'er the woodland height,
With portals strong, and turrets bright,
And gardens green; with swirl and sweep,
Round rush'd the Wye, both broad and deep.
Leaping and looking for the sun,
He saw the red-deer and the dun;
The warders with their weapons sheen,
The watchers with their mantles green:
The deer-hounds at their feet were flung,
The red blood at their dows-laps hung.
Adown he leap'd, and awhile he stood,
With a downcast look and pondering mood;
Then made a step, and his bright sword drew,
And cleft a stone at a stroke in two—
So shall the heads of my foemen be,
Who seek to sunder my love from me.

(Old Derbyshire Rhyme of Dorak Vernon.)

"Now, who stays the tale, and what stops the ballad?" said the impatient proprietor of Lyddalcross; "have I heated my hearth, have I spread my tables, and poured forth my strong drink for the poor in fancy and the lame in speech? Up—up, and give me a grave tale or a gay to gladden or sadden the present moment, and lend wings to the leaden feet of evening time. Rise, I say; else may the fire that flames so high—the table which groans with food, for which water, and air, and earth, have been sought—and the board that perfumes you with the odour of ale and mead—may the first cease to warm, and the rest to nourish you!"

"Master of Lyddalcross," said a hale and joyous personage, whose shining and glad-some looks showed sympathy and alliance with the good cheer and fervent blood of merry old England; "since thy table smokes, and thy brown ale flows more frankly for the telling of a true old tale—then a true old tale thou shalt have—shame fall me if I baulk thee, as the pleasant folk say, in the dales of bonny Derby.

Those who have never seen Haddon Hall, the ancient residence of the Vernons of Derbyshire, can have but an imperfect notion of the golden days of old England. Though now deserted and dilapidated—its halls silent—the sacred bell of its chapel mute—though its tables no longer send up the cheering smell of roasted boars, and spitted oxen—though the music and the voice of the minstrel are silen-

ced, and the light foot of the dancer no longer sounds on the floor—though no gentle knights and gentler dames go trooping hand in hand, and whispering among the twilight groves—and the portal no longer sends out its shining helms, and its barbed steeds;—where is the place that can recal the stately hospitality and glory of former times, like the Hall of OLD HADDON.

It happened on a summer evening, when I was a boy, that several curious old people had seated themselves on a little round knoll near the gate of Haddon Hall; and their talk was of the Vernons, the Cavendishes, the Mannors, and many old names once renowned in Derbyshire. I had fastened myself to the apron-string of a venerable dame, at whose girdle hung a mighty iron key, which commanded the entrance of the hall; her name was Dolly Foljamba; and she boasted her descent from an ancient red cross knight of that name, whose alabaster figure, in mail, may be found in Bakewell church. This high origin, which on consulting family history, I find had not the concurrence of clergy, seemed not an idle vanity of the portress; she had the straight frame, rigid, demure, and even warlike cast of face, which alabaster still retains of her ancestor; and had she laid herself by his side, she might have passed muster, with an ordinary antiquarian, for a coeval figure. At our feet the river Wye ran winding and deep; at our side rose the hall, huge and grey; and the rough healthy hills, renowned in Druidic, and Roman, and Saxon, and Norman story, bounded our wish for distant prospects, and gave us the mansion of the Vernons for our contemplation, clear of all meaner encumbrances of landscape.

"Ah! dame Foljambe," said an old husbandman, whose hair was whitened by acquaintance with seventy winters: "it's a sore and a sad sight, to look at that fair tower, and see no smoke ascending. I remember it in a brighter day, when many a fair face gazed out at the windows, and many a gallant form appeared at the gate. Then were the days when the husbandman could live—could whistle as he sowed; dance and sing as he reaped; and could pay his rent in fatted oxen to my lord, and in fatted fowls to my lady. Ah! dame Foljambe, we remember when men could cast their lines in the Wye; could feast on the red deer and the fallow deer, on the plover

and the ptarmigan; had right of the common for their flocks, of the flood for their nets, and of the air for their harquebuss. Ah dame, old England is no more the old England it was,—than that hall, dark and silent and desolate—is the proud hall that held Sir George Vernon, the King of the Peak, and his two lovely daughters, Margaret and Dora. Those were days, dame; those were days." And as he ceased, he looked up to the tower, with an eye of sorrow, and shook and smoothed down his white hairs.

"I tell thee," replied the ancient portress, sorely moved in mind, between present duty and service to the noble owner of Haddon, and her lingering affection for the good old times, of which memory shapes so many paradises, "I tell thee the tower looks as high and lordly as ever; and there is something about its silent porch, and its crumbling turrets, which gives it a deeper hold of our affections, than if an hundred knights even now came prancing forth at its porch, with trumpets blowing, and banners displayed."

"Ah! dame Foljambe," said the husbandman; "yon deer now bounding so blythely down the old chase, with his horny head held high, and an eye that seems to make nought of mountain and vale; it is a fair creature. Look at him! see how he cools his feet in the Wye, surveys his shadow in the stream, and now he contemplates his native hills again. So! away he goes, and we gaze after him, and admire his speed and his beauty. But were the hounds at his flanks, and the bullets in his side, and the swords of the hunters bared for the brittling; Ah! dame, we should change our cheer: we should think that such shapely limbs, and such stately antlers, might have reigned in the wood and on hill for many summers. Even so we think of that stately old hall, and lament its destruction."

"Dame Foljambe thinks not so deeply on the matter," said a rustic; "she thinks, the less the hall fire, the less is the chance of the hall being consumed; the less the company, the longer will the old hall floor last, which she sweeps so clean, telling so many stories of the tree that made it;—that the seven Virtues in tapestry would do well in avoiding wild company; and that the lass with the long shanks, Diana, and her nymphs, wd hunt more to her fancy on her dusty acre of old arras, than in the dubious society of the lords and the heroes of the court gazette. Moreover, the key at her girdle is the commission

by which she is keeper of this cast-off and moth-eaten garment of the noble name of Manners: and think ye that she holds that power lightly, which makes her governess of ten thousand bats and owls, and gives her the awful responsibility of an armoury, containing almost an entire harquebuss, the remains of a pair of boots, and the relique of a buff jerkin?"

What answer to this unceremonious attack on ancient things committed to her keeping, the portress might have made, I had not an opportunity to learn; her darkening brow indicated little meekness of reply; a voice, however, much sweeter than the dame's, intruded on the debate. In the vicinity of the hall, at the foot of a limestone rock, the summer visitors of Haddon may and do refresh themselves at a small fount of pure water, which love of the clear element induced one of the old ladies to confine within the limits of a large stone basin. Virtues were imputed to the spring, and the superstition of another proprietor erected beside it a cross of stone, lately mutilated, and now removed, but once covered with sculptures and rude emblems, which conveyed religious instruction to an ignorant people. Towards this fountain, a maiden from a neighbouring cottage was observed to proceed, warbling, as she went a fragment of one of those legendary ballads which the old minstrels, illiterate or learned, scattered so abundantly over the country.

DORA VERNON.

1.

It happened between March and May-day,
When wood-buds wake which slumber'd late,
When hill and valley grow green and gaily,
And every wight longs for a mate;
When lovers sleep with an open eye-lid,
Like nightingales on the orchard tree,
And sorely wish they had wings for flying,
So they might with their true love be;

2.

A knight all worthy, in this sweet season,
Went out to Carehill with bow and gun,
Not to chase the roebuck, nor shoot the pheasant,
But hunt the fierce fox so wild and dun.
And, by his side, was a young maid riding,
With laughing blue eyes, and sunny hair;
And who was it but young Dora Vernon,
Young Rutland's true-love, and Haddon's heir.

3.

Her gentle hand was a good bow-bearing,—
The deer at speed, or the fowl on wing,
Stay'd in their flight, when the bearded arrow
Her white hand loosed from the sounding string.
Old men made bare their locks, and blest her,
As blythe she rode down the Durwood side,
Her steed rejoic'd in his lovely rider,
Arch'd his neck proudly, and pranced in pride.

This unexpected minstrelsy was soon interrupted by dame Foljambe, whose total devotion to the family of Rutland rendered her averse to hear the story of Dora Vernon's departure, profaned in the familiar ballad train of a forgotten minstrel. "I wonder at

the presumption of that rude minion," said the offended portress, "in chaunting such ungentle strains in my ear. Home to thy milk-pails, idle-lussey—home to thy distaff, foolish maiden; or if thou wilt sing, come over to my lodge when the sun is down, and I'll teach thee a strain of a higher sort, made by a great court lord, on the marriage of her late Grace. It is none of your rustic chaunts, but full of fine words, both leng and lordly; it begins,

Come, burn your incense, ye god like graces,
Come, Cupid, dip your darts in light;
Unloose her starry zone, chaste Venus,
And trim the bride for the bridal night.

None of your vulgar chaunts, minion, I tell thee: but stuffed with spiced words, and shining with gods, and garters, and stars, and precious stones, and odours thickly dropping; a noble strain indeed." The maiden smiled, nodded acquiescence, and tripping homewards, renewed her homely and interrupted song till the river bank and the ancient towers acknowledged, with their sweetest echoes, the native charms of her voice.

"I marvel much," said the hoary portress, "at the idle love for strange and incredible stories which possesses as with a demon the peasants of this district. Not only have they given a saint, with a shirt of hair cloth and a scourge, to every cavern, and a druid with his golden sickle and his mistletoe to every circle of shapeless stones; but they have made the Vernons, the Cavendishes, the Cockaynes, and the Foljambes, erect, on every wild place crosses or altars of atonement for crimes which they never committed; unless fighting ankle-deep in heathen blood, for the recovery of Jerusalem and the holy Sepulchre, required such outlandish penance. They cast too a supernatural light round the commonest story; if you credit them, the ancient chapel bell of Haddon, safely lodged on the floor for a century, is carried to the top of the turret, and, touched by some invisible hand, is made to toll forth midnight notes of dolour and woe, when any misfortune is about to befall the noble family of Rutland. They tell you too that wailings of no earthly voice are heard around the decayed towers, and along the garden terraces, on the festival night of the saint who presided of old over the fortunes of the name of Vernon. And no longer ago than yesterday, old Edgar Ferrars assured me that he had nearly as good as seen the apparition of the King of the Peak himself, mounted on his visionary steed, and, with imaginary horn, and hound, and halloo, pursuing a spectre stag over the wild chase of Haddon. Nay, so far has vulgar credulity and assurance gone, that the great garden entrance called the Knight's porch, through which Dora Vernon descended step by step among her twenty attendant maidens, all rustling in embroidered silks, and shining and sparkling like a winter sky, in diamonds, and such like costly stones—to wel-

come her noble bridegroom, Lord John Manners, who came cap in hand with his company of gallant gentlemen—"

"Nay, now, dame Foljambe," interrupted the husbandman, "all this is fine enough and lordly too, I'll warrant; but thou must not apparel a plain old tale in the embroidered raiment of thy own brain, nor adorn it in the precious stones of thy own fancy. Dora Vernon was a lovely lass, and as proud as she was lovely; she bore her head high, dame; and well she might, for she was a gallant Knight's daughter; and lords and dukes, and what not, have descended from her. But for all that, I cannot forget that she ran away in the middle of a moonlight night, with young Lord John Manners, and no other attendant than her own sweet self. Aye, dan., and for the diamonds, and what not, which thy story showers on her locks and her garments, she tied up her berry brown locks in a menial's cap, and ran away in a mantle of Bakewell brown, three yards for a groat. Aye, dame, and instead of going our regularly by the door, she leapt out of a window; more by token she left one of her silver heeled slippers fastened in the grating, and the place has ever since been called the Lady's Leap."

Dame Foljambe, like an inexperienced rider, whose steed refuses obedience to voice and hand, resigned the contest in despair, and allowed her rustic companion to enter full career in the debatable land, where she had so often fought and vanquished in defence of the decorum of the mode of alliance between the houses of Haddon and Rutland.

"And now dame," said the husbandman, "I will tell thee the story in my own and my father's way. The last of the name of Vernon was renowned far and wide for the hospitality and magnificence of his house, for the splendour of his retinue, and more for the beauty of his daughters, Margaret and Dorothy. This is speaking in thy own manner, dame Foljambe; but truth's truth. He was much given to hunting and hawking, and jousting, with lances either blunt or sharp; and though a harquebuss generally was found in the hand of the gallant hunters of that time, the year of grace 1500, Sir George Vernon, despised that foreign weapon; and well he might, for he bent the strongest bow and shot the surest shaft of any man in England. His chase-dogs too were all of the most expert and famous kinds—his falcons had the fairest and most certain flight; and though he had seen foreign lands, he chiefly prided himself in maintaining unimpaired the old baronial grandeur of his house. I have heard my grandsire say, how his great grandsire told him, that the like of the knight of Haddon, for a stately form, and a noble, free, and natural grace of manner, was not to be seen in court or camp. He was hailed in common tale, and in minstrel song, by the name of the KING OF THE

PEAK; and it is said, his handsome person and witchery of tongue chiefly prevented his mistress, good Queen Bess, from abridging his provincial designation with the headman's axe.

"It happened in the fifth year of the reign of his young and sovereign mistress, that a great hunting festival was held at Haddon, where all the beauty and high blood of Derbyshire assembled; for to bend a bow, or brittle the deer, under the eye of Sir George Vernon, was an honour sought for by many. Over the chase of Haddon, over the hill of Stanton, over Bakewell edge, over Chatsworth hill and Hardwicke plain, and beneath the ancient castle of Bolsover, as far as the edge of the forest of old Sherwood, were the sounds of harquebusses and bowstring heard, and the cry of dog and the cheering of men. The brown-mouthed and white-footed dogs of Derbyshire were there among the foremost; the snow-white hound and the coal black, from the Scottish border and bonny Westmoreland, preserved or augmented their ancient fame; nor were the dappled hounds of old Godfrey Foljambe of Bakewell bank, far from the throat of the red deer when they turned at bay, and gored horses and riders. The great hall floor of Haddon was soon covered with the produce of wood and wild.

Nor were the preparations for feasting this noble hunting party unworthy the reputation for solid hospitality which characterised the ancient King of the Peak. Minstrels had come from distant parts, as far even as the Scottish border; bold, free-spoken, rude, rough witted men; 'for the selvege of the web,' says the northern proverb, 'is aye the coarsest cloth.' But in the larder the skill of man was chiefly employed, and a thousand rarities were prepared for pleasing the eye and appeasing the appetite. In the kitchen, with its huge chimneys and prodigious spits, the menial maidens were flooded nigh ankle deep in the richness of roasted oxen and deer; and along the passage communicating with the hall of state, men might have slid along, because of the fat droppings of that prodigious feast, like a slider on the frozen Wye. The kitchen tables, of solid plank, groaned and yielded beneath the roasted beeves, and the spitted deer; while a stream of rich smoke, massy, and slow, and savoury, sallied out at the grated window, and sailed round the mansion, like a mist exhaled by the influence of the moon. I tell thee dame Foljambe, I call those the golden days of old England.

"But I wish you had seen the hall prepared for this princely feast. The floor, of hard and solid stone, was strewn deep with rushes and fern; and there lay the dogs of the chase in couples, their mouths still red with the blood of stags, and panting yet from the fervour and length of their pursuit. At the lower end of the hall, where the floor subsided a step, was spread a table for the stewards and other chiefs

over the mensals. There sat the keeper of the bows, the warder of the chase, and the head falconer, together with many others of lower degree, but mighty men among the retainers of the noble name of Vernon. Over their heads were hung the horns of stags, the tusks of boars, the skulls of the enormous bison, and the foreheads of foxes. Nor were there wanting trophies, where the contest had been more bloody and obstinate—banners and shields, and helmets, won in the Civil, and Scottish, and Crusading wars, together with many strange weapons of annoyance or defence, borne in the Norwegian and Saxon broils. Beside them were hung rude paintings of the most renowned of these rustic heroes, all in the picturesque habiliments of the times. Horns and harquebusses, and swords, and bows, and buff coats, and caps, were thrown in negligent groups about the floor, while their owners sat in expectation of an immediate and ample feast, which they hoped to wash down with floods of that salutary beverage, the brown blood of barley.

"At the upper end of the hall, where the floor was elevated exactly as much in respect, as it was lowered in submission to the other, there the table for feasting the nobles stood; and well was it worthy of its station. It was one solid plank of white sycamore, shaped from the entire shaft of an enormous tree, and supported on squat columns of oak, ornamented with the arms of the Vernons, and grooved into the stone floor, beyond all chance of being upset by human powers. Benches of wood, curiously carved, and covered, in times of more than ordinary ceremony, with cushions of embroidered velvet, surrounded this ample table;—while in the recess behind appeared a curious work in arras, consisting of festivals and processions, and bridal, executed from the ancient poets; and for the more staid and grave, a more devout hand had wrought some scenes from the controversial fathers and the monkish legends of the ancient church. The former employed the white hands of Dora Vernon herself; while the latter were the labours of her sister Margaret, who was of a serious turn, and never happened to be so far in love as to leap from a window."

"And now," said dame Foljambe, "I will describe the Knight of Haddon, with his fair daughters and principal guests, myself." "A task that will last thee to doomsday, dame," muttered the husbandman. The portress heeded not this ejaculation, but with a particular stateliness of delivery proceeded. "The silver dinner bell rung on the summit of Haddon hall, the warder thrice wound his horn, and straightway the sound of silver spurs was heard in the passage, the folding door opened, and in marched my own ancestor, Ferrars Foljambe by name. I have heard his dress too often described not to remember it. A buff jerkin, with slashed and ornamented sleeves,

a mantle of fine Lincoln green, fastened round his neck with wolf-claws of pure gold, a pair of gilt spurs on the heels of his brown hunting boots, garnished above with taslets of silver, and at the square and turned-up toes, with links of the same metal connected with the taslets. On his head was a boar-skin cap, on which the white teeth of the boar were set tipt with gold. At his side, was a hunting horn, called the white hunting horn of Tutbury, banded with silver in the middle, belted with black silk at the ends, set with buckles of silver, and bearing the arms of Edmund, the warlike brother of Edward Longshanks. This fair horn descended by marriage to Stanhope, of Elvaston, who sold it to Foxlowe, of Staveley. The gift of a king and the property of heroes was sold for some paltry pieces of gold."

"Dame Foljambe," said the old man, "the march of thy tale is like the course of the Wye, seventeen miles of links and windings down a fair valley five miles long. A man might carve thy ancestor's figure in alabaster in the time thou describest him. I must resume my story, dame; so let thy description of old Ferrars Foljambe stand; and suppose the table filled about with the gallants of the chase and many fair ladies, while at the head sat the King of the Peak himself, his beard descending to his broad girdle, his own natural hair of dark brown—blessings on the head that keeps God's own covering on it, and scorns the curled inventions of man—falling in thick masses on his broad manly shoulders. Nor silver, nor gold, wore he; the natural nobleness of his looks maintained his rank and pre-eminence among men; the step of Sir George Vernon was one that many imitated, but few could attain—at once manly and graceful. I have heard it said, that he carried privately in his bosom a small rosary of precious metal, in which his favourite daughter Dora had entwined one of her mother's tresses. The ewer-bearers entered with silver basins full of water; the element came pure and returned red; for the hands of the guests were stained with the blood of the chase. The attendant minstrels vowed, that no hands so shapely, nor fingers so taper, and long, and white, and round, as those of the Knight of Haddon, were that day, dipped in water.

"There is wondrous little pleasure in describing a feast of which we have not partaken; so pass we on to the time when the fair dames retired, and the red wine in cups of gold, and the ale in silver flagons, shone and sparkled as they passed from hand to lip beneath the blaze of seven massy lamps. The knights toasted their mistresses, the retainers told their exploits, and the minstrels with harp and tongue made music and song abound. The gentlemen struck their drinking vessels on the table till they rang again; the menials stamped with the heels of their ponderous boots on the solid floor; while the hounds, imagining they

heard the call to the chase, leaped up, and bayed in hoarse but appropriate chorus.

"The ladies now re-appeared, in the side galleries, and overlooked the scene of festivity below. The loveliest of many counties were there; but the fairest was a young maid of middle size, in a dress disencumbered of ornament, and possessed of one of those free and graceful forms which may be met with in other counties, but for which our own Derbyshire alone is famous. Those who admired the grace of her person were no less charmed with her simplicity and natural meekness of deportment. Nature did much for her, and art strove in vain to rival her with others; while health, that handmaid of beauty, supplied her eye and her cheek with the purest light and the freshest roses. Her short and rosy upper-lip was slightly curled, with as much of maiden sanctity, perhaps, as pride; her white high forehead was shaded with locks of sunny brown, while her large and dark hazel eyes beamed with free and unaffected modesty. Those who observed her close, might see her eyes, as she glanced about, sparkling for a moment with other lights, but scarce less holy, than those of devotion and awe. Of all the knights present, it was impossible to perceive, who inspired her with those love-fits of flushing joy and delirious agitation; each hoped himself the happy person; for none could look on Dora Vernon without awe and love. She leaned her white bosom, shining through the veil which shaded it, near one of the minstrel's harps; and looking round on the presence, her eyes grew brighter as she looked; at least, so vowed the knights, and so sang the minstrels.

"All the knights arose when Dora Vernon appeared. 'Fill all your wine cups, knights,' said Sir Lucas Peveril. 'Fill them to the brim,' said Sir Henry Avenel. 'And drain them out, were they deeper than the Wye,' said Sir Godfrey Gernon. 'To the health of the Princess of the Peak,' said Sir Ralph Cavendish. 'To the health of Dora Vernon,' said Sir Hugh de Wodensley; 'beauty is above titles, she is the loveliest maiden a knight ever looked on, with the sweetest name too.' 'And yet, Sir Knight,' said Peveril, filling his cup, 'I know one who thinks so humbly of the fair name of Vernon, as to wish it charmed into that of De Wodensley.' 'He is not master of a spell so profound,' said Avenel. 'And yet he is master of his sword,' answered De Wodensley, with a darkening brow. 'I counsel him to keep it in its sheath,' said Cavendish, 'lest it prove a wayward servant.' 'I will prove its service on thy bosom where and when thou wilt, Lord of Chatsworth,' said De Wodensley. 'Lord of Darley,' answered Cavendish, 'it is a tempting moonlight, but there is a charm over Haddon to-night it would be unseemly to dispel. To-morrow, I meet Lord John Manners to try whose hawk has the fair-

er flight, and whose love has the whiter hand. That can be soon seen: for who has so fair a hand as the love of young Rutland? I shall be found by Durwood-Tor when the sun is three hours up, with my sword drawn—there's my hand on't, De Wodensley;" and he wrung the knight's hand till the blood seemed starting from beneath his finger nails.

"By the saints, Sir Knights," said Sir Godfrey Gernon, 'you may as well beard one another about the love of some bright particular star and think to wed it,' as the wild wizard of Warwick says, as quarrel about this unattainable love. Harken, minstrels: while we drain our cups to this beauteous lass, sing some of you a kindly love strain, wondrously mirthful and melancholy. Here's a cup of Rhenish, and a good gold Harry in the bottom on't, for the minstrel who pleases me.' The minstrels laid their hands on the strings, and a sound was heard like the swarming of bees before summer thunder. 'Sir Knight,' said one, 'I will sing ye, Cannie Johnie Armstrong with all the seventeen variations.' 'He was hanged for cattle stealing,' answered the knight, 'I'll have none of him.' 'What say you to Dick of the Cow, or the Harper of Lochmaben?' said another, with something of a tone of diffidence: 'What! you northern knaves, can you sing of nothing but thievery and jail-breaking?' 'Perhaps your knightship,' humbly suggested a third, 'may have a turn for the supernatural, and I'm thinking the Fairy Legend of young Tamdane is just the thing that suits your fancy.' 'I like the naivete of the young lady very much,' answered the knight, 'but the fair dames of Derbyshire prize the charms of lovers with flesh and blood, before the gayest Elfin-knight that ever ran a course from Carlisle to Caerlaverock. "What would your worship say to William of Cloudesley?" said a Cumberland minstrel, 'or to the Friar of Orders Grey?' said a harper from the halls of the Percys.

"Minstrels," said Sir Ralph Cavendish, the invention of sweet and gentle poesy is dead among you. Every churl in the Peak can chaunt us these beautiful but common ditties. Have you nothing new for the honour of the sacred canon of verse, and the beauty of Dora Vernon? Fellow—harper,—what's your name? you with the long hair and the green mantle, said the knight, beckoning to a young minstrel who sat with his harp head before him, and his face half buried in his mantle's fold: 'come, touch your strings and sing; I'll wager my gold-kilted sword against that pleasant leather in thy cap, that thou hast a new and a gallant strain; for I have seen thee measure more than once the form of fair Dora Vernon with a ballad-maker's eye.—Sing, man, sing.'

The young minstrel, as he bowed his head to this singular mode of request, blushed from brow to bosom; nor were the face and neck

of Dora Vernon without an acknowledgment of how deeply she sympathized in his embarrassment. A finer instrument, a truer hand, or a more sweet and manly voice, hardly ever united to lend grace to rhyme.

THE MINSTREL'S SONG.

1.

Last night a proud page came to me,
Sir Knight, he said, I greet you free;
The moon is up at midnight hour,
All mute and lonely is the bower:
To rouse the deer, my lord is gone,
And his fair daughter's all alone,
As lily fair, and as sweet to see,—
Arise, Sir Knight, and follow me.

2.

The stars stream'd out, the new-woke moon
O'er Chatsworth's hill gleam'd brightly down,
And my love's cheeks, half seen, half hid,
With love and joy blush'd deeply red:
Short was our time, and chaste our bliss,
A whisper'd vow, and a gentle kiss;
And one of those long looks, which earth
With all its glory is not worth.

3.

The stars beam'd lovelier from the sky,
The smiling brook flow'd gentlier by;
Life, fly thou on; I'll mind that hour
Of sacred love in greenwood bower:
Let seas between us swell and sound,
Still at her name my heart shall bound:
Her name—which like a spell I'll keep,
To soothe me and to charm my sleep.

"Fellow," said Sir Ralph Cavendish, 'thou hast not shamed my belief of thy skill; keep that piece of gold, and drink thy cup of wine in quiet, to the health of the lass who inspired thy strain, be she lordly, or be she low.' The minstrel seated himself, and the interrupted mirth re-commenced, which was not long to continue. When the minstrel began to sing, the King of the Peak fixed his large and searching eyes on his person, with a scrutiny from which nothing could escape, and which called a flush of apprehension to the face of his daughter Dora. Something like a cloud came upon his brow at the first verse, which darkening down through the second, became as dark as a December night at the close of the third, when rising, and motioning Sir Ralph Cavendish to follow, he retired into the recess of the southern window.

"Sir Knight," said the lord of Haddon, 'thou art the sworn friend of John Manners, and well thou knowest what his presumption dares at, and what are the letts between him and me. *Cavendo tutus!* ponder on thy own motto well.—Let seas between us swell and sound:—let his song be prophetic, for Derbyshire,—for England has no river deep enough and broad enough to preserve him from a father's sword, whose peace he seeks to wound.' 'Knight of Haddon,' said Sir Ralph, 'John Manners is indeed my friend; and the friend of a Cavendish can be no mean person; a braver and a better spirit never aspired after beauty.' 'Sir Knight,' said the

King of the Peak, 'I court no man's counsel; hearken to my words. Look at the moon's shadow on Haddon dial; there it is beside the easement; the shadow falls short of twelve. If it darkens the midnight hour, and John Manners be found here, he shall be cast fettered, neck and heel, into the deepest dungeon of Haddon.'

"All this passed not unobserved of Dora Vernon, whose fears and affections divined immediate mischief from the calm speech and darkened brow of her father. Her heart sank within her when he beckoned her to withdraw; she followed him into the great tapestried room. 'My daughter,—My love Dora,' said the not idle fears of a father, 'wine has done more than its usual good office with the wits of our guests to-night; they look on thee with bolder eyes, and speak of thee with a bolder tongue, than a father can wish. Retire, therefore, to thy chamber. One of thy wisest attendants shall be thy companion.—Adieu, my love, till sunrise!' He kissed her white temples and white brow; and Dora clung to his neck, and sobbed in his bosom;—while the secret of her heart rose near her lips. He returned to his guests, and mirth and music, and the march of the wine-cup, recommenced with a vigour which promised reparation for the late intermission.

"The chamber, or rather temporary prison, of Dora Vernon, was nigh the cross-bow room and had a window which looked out on the terraced garden, and the extensive chase towards the hill of Haddon. All that side of the hall lay in deep shadow, and the moon sunk to the very summit of the western heath, threw a level and a farewell beam over river and tower. The young lady of Haddon seated herself in the recessed window, and lent her ear to every sound, and her eye to every shadow that flitted over the garden and chase. Her attendant maiden—shrewd, demure, and suspicious of the ripe age of thirty—yet of a merry pleasant look, which had its admirers—sat watching every motion with the eye of an owl.

"It was past midnight, when a foot came gliding along the passage, and a finger gave three slight scratches on the door of the chamber. The maid went out, and after a brief conference suddenly returned, red with blushes from ear to ear. 'Oh, my lady!' said the trusty maiden,—'oh, my sweet young lady,—here's that poor young lad—ye know his name—who gave me three yards of crimson ribbon to trim my peach-bloom mantle, last Bakewell fair.—An honest or kinder heart never kept a promise; and yet I may not give him the meeting. Oh, my young lady, my sweet young lady, my beautiful young lady, could you stay here for half an hour by yourself?' Ere her young mistress could answer, the notice of the lover's presence was renewed.—The maiden

again went—whispers were heard—and the audible salutation of lips: she returned again more resolute than ever to oblige her lover. 'Oh, my lady—my young lady; if ever ye hope to prosper in true love yourself—spare me but one half hour with this harmless kind lad.—He has come seven long miles to see my fair face, he says;—and, oh, my lady, he has a handsome face of his own.—Oh, never let it be said that Dora Vernon sundered true lovers!—but I see consent written in your own lovely face—so I shall run—and, oh, my lady, take care of your own sweet handsome self, when your faithful Nan's away. And the maiden retired to see her lover.

"It was half an hour after midnight, when one of the keepers of the chase, as he lay beneath a holly bush listening, with a prolonged groan, to the audible voice of revelry in the hall, from which his duty had lately excluded him, happened to see two forms approaching; one of low stature, a light step, and muffled in a common mantle:—the other with the air, and in the dress of forester—a sword at his side and pistols at his belt. The ale and the wine had invaded the keeper's brain, and impaired his sight; yet he roused himself up, with a hiccup, and a 'hilloah,' and 'where go ye, my masters?'—The lesser form whispered to the other—who immediately said, 'Jasper Jugg, is this you? Heaven be praised I have found you so soon; here's that north country pedlar, with his beads and blue ribbon—he has come and whistled out pretty Nan Malkin, our lady's favourite, and the lord's trusty maid.—I left them under the terrace, and came to tell you.'

"The enraged keeper scarce heard this account of the faithlessness of his love to an end, he started off with the swiftness of one of the deer which he watched, making the boughs crash, as he forced his way through bush and glade direct for the hall, vowing desertion to the girl, and destruction to the pedlar. 'Let us hasten our steps, my love,' said the lesser figure in a sweet voice; and unmantling as she spoke, turned back to the towers of Haddon the fairest face that ever left them—the face of Dora Vernon herself. 'My men and my horses are nigh my love,' said the taller figure; and taking a silver call from his pocket he imitated the sharp shrill cry of the plover; then turning round he stood and gazed towards Haddon, scarcely darkened by the setting of the moon, for the festal lights flashed from turret and casement, and the sound of mirth and revelry rang with augmenting din. 'Ah, fair and stately Haddon,' said Lord John Manners, 'little dost thou know, thou hast lost thy jewel from thy brow—else thy lights would be dimmed, thy mirth would turn to wailing, and swords would be flashing from thy portals in all the haste of hot pursuit. Farewell for a while, fair tower, farewell for a while.—

I shall return, and bless the time I danced among thy menials and sang of my love—and charmed her out of thy little chamber window.' Several armed men now came suddenly down from the hill of Haddon, horses richly caparisoned were brought from among the trees of the chase, and the ancestors of the present family of Rutland sought shelter, for a time in a distant land, from the wrath of the King of the Peak."

Literary.

A CHAPTER ON EARS.

I have no ear.—

Mistake me not, reader—nor imagine that I am by nature destitute of those exterior twin appendages, hanging ornaments, and (architecturally speaking) handsome volutes to the human capital. Better my mother had never borne me.—I am, I think, rather delicately than copiously provided with those conduits; and I feel no disposition to envy the mole for his plenty, or the mole for her extractness, in those ingenious labyrinthine inlets—those inlets—those indispensable side-intelligencers.

Neither have I incurred, or done any thing to incur, with Defoe, that hideous disfigurement, which constrained him to draw upon assurance—to feel quite unabashed,* and at ease upon that article. I was never, thank my stars, in the pillory; nor, if I read them aright, it is within the compass of my destiny, that I ever should be.

When therefore I say that I have no ear, you will understand me to mean—for music.—To say that this heart never melted at the concourse of sweet sounds, would be a foul self-libel.—"Water parted from the sea," never fails to move it strangely. So does "In infancy." But they were used to be sung at her harpsichord (the old-fashioned instrument in vogue in those days) by a gentlewoman—the gentlest, sure, that ever merited the appellation—the sweetest—why should I hesitate to name Mrs. S—once the blooming Fanny Weatherall of the Temple—who had the power to thrill the soul of Elia, small imp as he was, even in his long coats; and to make him glow, tremble, and blush with a passion, that not faintly indicated the day-spring of that absorbing sentiment, which was afterwards destined to overwhelm and subdue his nature quite for Alice W—n.

I even think that sentimentally I am disposed to harmony. But organically I am incapable of a tune. I have been practising "God save the King" all my life; whistling and humming of it over to myself in solitary corners; and am not yet arrived, they tell me, within many quavers of it. Yet hath the loyalty of Elia never been impeached.

* Earless on high stood, unabash'd, Defoe.—Duncanson.

I am not without suspicion, that I have an undeveloped faculty of music within me. For thrumming, in my wild way, on my friend A's piano, the other morning, while he was engaged in an adjoining parlour,—on his return he was pleased to say, "he thought it could not be the maid!" On his first surprise at hearing the keys touched in somewhat an airy and masterful way, not dreaming of me, his suspicions had lighted on Jenny. But a grace, snatched from a superior refinement, soon convinced him that some being,—technically perhaps deficient, but higher informed from a principle common to all the fine arts,—had swayed the keys to a mood which Jenny, with all her (less cultivated) enthusiasm, could never have elicited from them. I mention this as a proof of my friends penetration, and not with any view of disparaging Jenny.

Scientifically I could never be made to understand (yet have I taken some pains) what a note in music is; or how one note should differ from another. Much less in voices can I distinguish a soprano from a tenor. Only sometimes the thorough bass I contrived to guess at, from its being supereminently harsh and disagreeable. I tremble, however, for my misapplication of the simplest terms of that which I disclaim. While I profess my ignorance, I scarce know what to say I am ignorant of. I hate, perhaps, by misnomers. *Sostenuto* and *adagio* stand in the like relation of obscurity to me; and *Sol*, *Fa*, *Mi*, *Re*, is as conjuring as *Barablipton*.

It is hard to stand alone—in an age like this,—constituted to the quick and critical perception of all harmonious combinations, I verily believe, beyond all preceding ages, since Jubal stumbled upon the gamut—to remain as it were, singly unimpressible to the magic influences of art, which is said to have such an especial stroke at soothing, elevating and refining the passions. Yet rather than break the candid current of my confessions, I must avow to you, that I have received a great deal more pain than pleasure from this so-cried-up faculty.

I am constitutionally susceptible of noises. A carpenter's hammer, in a warm summer noon, will fret me into more than midsummer madness. But those unconnected, unset sounds are nothing to the measured malice of music. The ear is passive to those single strokes; willingly enduring stripes, while it hath no task to con. To music it cannot be passive. It will strive—mine at least will—'spite of its inaptitude, to thrird the maze; like an unskilled eye painfully poring upon hieroglyphics. I have sat through an Italian Opera, till for sheer pain, and inexplicable anguish, I have rushed out into the noisiest places of the crowded streets, to solace myself with sounds, which I was not obliged to follow, and get rid of the distracting torment of endless, fruitless, barren attention! I take refuge in the unpre-

tending assemblage of honest common-life sounds;—and the purgatory of the Enraged Musician becomes my paradise.

I have sat an Oratorio (that profanation of the purposes of the cheerful playhouse) watching the faces of the auditory in the pit (what a contrast to Hogarth's Laughing audience!) immoveable, or affecting some faint motion,—till, (as some have said, that our occupations in the next world will be but a shadow of what delighted us in this) I have imagined myself in some cold Theatre in Hades, where some of the forms of the earthly one should be kept up with none of the enjoyment; or like that—

—— Party in a parlour,
All silent, and all DAMNED!

Above all, those insufferable concertos, and pieces of music, as they are called, do plague and embitter my apprehension. Words are something; but to be exposed to an endless battery of mere sounds; to be long a dying, to lie stretched upon a rack of roses; to keep up languor by unintermitted effort; to pile honey upon sugar, and sugar upon honey, to an interminable tedious sweetness; to fill up sound with feeling, and strain ideas to keep pace with it; to gaze on empty frames, and be forced to make pictures for yourself; to read a book, all stops: and be obliged to supply the verbal matter; to invent extempore tragedies to answer to the vague gestures of an inexplicable rambling mime—these are faint shadows of what I have undergone from a series of the ablest-executed pieces of this empty instrumental music.

I deny not, that in the opening of a concert, I have experienced something vastly lulling and agreeable:—afterwards followeth the languor, and the oppression. Like that disappointing book in Patmos;* or, like the comings on of melancholy, described by Burton, doth Music make her first insinuating approaches:—"Most pleasant it is to such as are melancholy given, to walk alone in some solitary grove betwixt wood and water, by some brook side, and to meditate upon some delightful and pleasant subject, which shall affect him most, *amabilis insania*, and *mentis gratissimus error*. A most incomparable delight to build castles in the air, to go smiling to themselves, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose, and strongly imagine, they act, or that they see done.—So delight-some these toys at first, they could spend whole days and nights without sleep, even whole years in such contemplations, and fantastical meditations, which are like so many dreams, and will hardly be drawn from them—winding and unwinding themselves as so many clocks, and still pleasing their humours, until at last the scenes turn upon a sudden, and they being now habituated, to such meditations and solitary places, can endure no company, can think

of nothing but harsh and distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspicion, *subrusticus pudor*, discontent, cares, and weariness of life, surprise them on a sudden, and they can think of nothing else: continually suspecting, no sooner are their eyes open, but this infernal plague of melancholy seizeth on them, and terrifies their souls, representing soe dismal objects to their minds; which now, by no means, no labour, no persuasions they can avoid, they cannot be rid of it, they cannot resist."†

Something like this "SCENE-TURNING," I have experienced at the evening parties, at the house of my Catholic friend, Nov—; who, by the aid of a capital organ, himself the most finished of players, converts his drawing room into a chapel, his week days into Sundays, and these latter into minor heavens.‡

When my friend commences upon one of those solemn anthems, which peradventure struck upon my heedless ear, rambling in the side aisles of the dim abbey, some five and thirty years since, waking a new sense, and putting a soul of old religion into my young apprehension—(whether it be *that*, in which the psalmist, weary of the persecutions of bad men, wisheth to himself dove's wings—or *that other*, which, with a like measure of sobriety and pathos, inquireth by what means the young man shall best cleanse his mine)—a holy calm pervadeth me.—I am for the time

—— rapt above earth,
And possess joys not promised at my birth.

But when this master of the spell, not content to have laid a soul prostrate, goes on, in his power to inflict more bliss than lies in his capacity to receive,—impatient to overcome her "earthly" with his "heavenly,"—still pouring in, for protracted hours, fresh wave and fresh from the sea of sound or from the inexhausted German ocean, above which, in triumphant progress, dolphin-seated, ride those Arions Haydn and Mozart, with their attendant tritons, Bach, Beethoven, and a countless tribe, whom to attempt to reckon up would but plunge me again in the deeps,—I stagger under the weight of harmony, reeling to and fro at my wit's end;—clouds, as of frankincense, oppresses me,—priests, altars, censers, dazzle before me—the genius of his religion hath me in her toils—a shadowy triple tiara invests the brow of my friend, late so naked, so ingenuous—he is Pope,—and by him sits, like as in the anomaly of dreams, a she-Pope too—tri-coroneted like himself! I am convert: and yet a Protestant; at once *malleus hereticorum*, and myself grand heresiarch: or three heresies centre in my person;—I am Marcion Ebion, and Cerinthus—Gog and Magog—what not?—till coming in of the friendly supper

† Anatomy of melancholy.

‡ I have been there, and still would go:

'Tis like a little heaven below.—*Watts*.

tray, dissipates the figment, and a draught of true Lutheran beer (in which chiefly my friend shows himself no bigot) at once reconciles me to the rationalities of a purer faith; and restores to me the genuine notterrifying aspects of my pleasant-countenanced host and hostess.

Poetry.

I MUST REMEMBER THEE.

By the flame thou lighted,
By the hope thou brighted,
I must remember thee.
By the mournful token,
Of a heart now broken,
I must remember thee.
Other moments waken,
Feelings drooping shaken,
Memories unforsaken,
Dear to none but me.
These are ever flying,
Round my brain and sighing,
I must remember thee.

Night is not relieving,
To my bosom grieving,
I must remember thee.
Painful vigils keeping,
Tears these eyes are steeping,
I must remember thee.
As each star's declining,
Dian faintly shining,
Morn finds me repining
At stern fate's decree:
Earth has nought for healing,
What is past revealing,
I must remember thee.

All I fondly cherish'd,
Prematur'ly hath perish'd,
Still I remember thee.
Spirit worn and weary,
All before me dreary,
Still I remember thee.
Every wreath is faded,
Which thy beauty braided,
And my brow is shaded
With thoughts which will not flee;
Yet, till Death shall sever
Grief and me forever,
I must remember thee.

SISTERS OF BEVERLEY.

The tapers are blazing, the mass is sung
In the chapel of Beverley,
And merrily too the bells have rung:
'Tis the eve of our Lord's nativity;
And the holy maids are kneeling round,
While the moon shines bright on the hallowed ground.

Yes, the sky is clear, and the stars are bright,
And the air is hushed and mild:
Befitting well the holy night,
When o'er Judah's mountains wild
The mystic star blazed bright and free,
And sweet rung the heavenly minstrelsy.

The nuns have risen, through the cloister dim
Each seeks her lonely cell,
To pray alone till the joyful hymn
On the midnight breeze shall swell;

And all are gone, save two sisters fair,
Who stand in the moonlight silent there.

Now, hand in hand, through the shadowy aisle,
Like airy things they've past,
With noiseless step, and with gentle smile,
And meek eyes heavenward cast:
Like things too pure upon earth to stay,
They have fled like a vision of light away.

And again the merry bells have rung
No sweet thro' the starry sky;
For the midnight mass hath this night been sung,
And the chalice is lifted high,
And the nuns are kneeling in holiest prayer;
Yes, all, save these meek eyed sisters fair.

Then up rose the abbess, she sought around,
But in vain, for these gentle maids;
They were ever the first at the mass bell's sound,
Have they fled these holy shades?
Or, can they be numbered among the dead?
O! whither can these fair maids be fled?

The snows have melted, the fields are green,
The cuckoo singeth aloud,
The flowers are budding, the sunny sheen,
Beams bright thro' the parted cloud,
And maidens are gathering the sweet breath'd may;
But, these gentle sisters, 'O! where are they?'

And summer is come in rosy pride,
'Tis the eve of the blessed St. John,
And the holy nuns after vesper-tide,
All forth from the chapel are gone:
While to taste the cool of the evening hour,
The abbess hath sought the topmost tow'r.

"Gramercy, sweet lady!" and can it be
These long lost sisters fair
On the threshold lie calm, and silently,
As in holiest slumber there?
Yet, sleep they not, but entranced they lie,
With lifted hands and heavenward eye.

"O long lost maidens, arise! arise!
Say when did ye hither stray?"
They have turned to the abbess their meek blue eyes;
"Not an hour hath past away—
But glorious visions our eyes have seen—
O sure, in the kingdom of heaven we've been!"

There is joy in the convent of Beverley,
Now these saintly maidens are found,
And to hear their story right wonderingly,
The nuns have gather'd around
These long lost maidens, to whom was given
To live so long the life of heaven.

And again the chapel bell is rung,
And all to the altar repair;
And sweetly the midnight lauds are sung
By the sainted sisters there:
While their heaven taught voices softly rise,
Like an incense cloud to the silent skies.

The maidens have risen, with noiseless tread
They glide o'er the marble floor,
They seek the abbess with bended head,
"Thy blessing would we implore,
Dear mother! for ere the coming day
Shall blush into light, we must hence away."

The abbess hath lifted her gentle hands,
And the words of peace hath said,
"O vade in pacem," aghast she stands,
"Have their innocent spirits fled?"
Yes, side by side lie these maidens fair,
Like two wreaths of snow in the moonlight there.

List! list! the sweet peel of the convent bells,
They are rung by no earthly hand,
And hark! how the far off melody swells
Of the joyful angel band,
Who hover around surpassingly bright,
And the chapel is bathed in rosy light.

'Tis o'er: side by side in the chapel fair,
Are the sainted maidens laid,
With their snowy brow, and their glossy hair
They look not like the dead;
Fifty summers have come and pass'd away,
But their loveliness knoweth no decay.

And many a chaplet of flowers is hung,
And many a bead told there,
And many a hymn of praise is sung,
And many a low breathed prayer
And many a pilgrim bends the knee,
At the shrine of the Sisters of Beverley.

A CHURCH-YARD SCENE.

By Professor Wilson.

How sweet and solemn, all alone,
With reverend steps, from stone to stone,
In a small village church yard lying,
O'er intervening flowers to move!
And as we read the names unknown
Of young and old to judgment gone,
And hear, in the calm air above,
Time onwards softly flying,
To meditate, in Christian love,
Upon the dead and dying!

Such is the scene around me now,
A little church-yard on the brow
Of a green pastoral hill:
Its sylvan village sleeps below,
And faintly here is heard the flow
Of Woodburn's summer rill;
A place where all things mournful meet,
And yet the sweetest of the sweet,
The stillest of the still!
Across the silence seem to go
With dream-like motion, wavering, slow,
And shrouded in their folds of snow,
The friends we loved, long long ago!

What lulling sound and shadow cool
Hangs half the darken'd church yard o'er,
From thy green depths so beautiful,
Thou gorgeous sycamore!
Oft hath the holy wine and bread
Been blest beneath thy mumm'ring tent,
Where many a bright and hoary head
Rowed at that awful sacrament!
Now all beneath the turf are laid
On which they sat, and sang, and pray'd.
Above that consecrated tree,
Ascends the tapering spire, that seems
To lift the soul up silently
To heaven, with all its dreams.
While in the belfry, deep and low,
From his heav'd bosom's purple gleams,
The dove's continuous murmurs flow,
A dirge-like song, half bliss, half woe,
The voice so lonely seems.

GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 15.

Reminiscences.

THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION, DR. FRANKLIN, &c.

A friend has favoured us with an interesting Manuscript, relating to a most important period of our history. The circumstances here detailed are new to us, and we believe they have never before been made public. The narrative is in the words of General —, one of the members of the General Convention which framed the Constitution. It was committed to paper by the gentleman to whom General — detailed the facts, and we now have the satisfaction of laying it before our readers.

"I was," said Gen. —, "a delegate from —, in the General Convention which assembled in Philadelphia, for the purpose of digesting a constitution for the United States, and I believe I was the youngest member of that body. The great and good Washington was chosen our President, and Dr. Franklin, among other great men, was a delegate, from Pennsylvania. A disposition was soon discovered in some members to display themselves in oratorical flourishes—but the good sense and discretion of the majority put down all such attempts. We had convened to deliberate upon, and if possible, effect a great national object—to search for political wisdom and truth;—these we meant to pursue with simplicity, and to avoid every thing which would have a tendency to divert our attention, or perplex our scheme.

A great variety of projects were proposed, all republican in their general outlines, but differing in their details. It was therefore determined that certain elementary principles should at first be established, in each branch of the intended constitution, and afterwards the details should be debated and filled up.

There was little, or no difficulty in determining upon the elementary principles—such as for instance that the government should be a republican-representative government. That it should be divided into three branches, i. e. Legislative, Executive and Judicial, &c. But when the organization of the respective branches of the Legislative came under consideration, it was easy to be perceived that the eastern, and the southern states had distinct interests, which it was difficult to reconcile, and that the larger states were disposed to form a Constitution in which the smaller states would be mere appendages and satellites to the larger ones. On the first of these subjects much animated and somewhat angry debate had taken place, when the ratio of representation in the lower House of Congress was before us, the southern states claiming for themselves the whole number of their black population; while the eastern states were for confining the elective

franchise to *freemen* only, without respect to colour.

As the different parties adhered pertinaciously to their different positions, it was feared that this was an insurmountable obstacle; but as the members were already generally satisfied that no constitution could be formed which would meet the views, and subserve the interests of each individual state it was evident that it must be a matter of compromise and mutual concession. Under these impressions, and with these views, it was agreed at length that each state should be entitled to one Delegate in the House of Representatives, for every thirty thousand of its inhabitants—in which number should be included *three-fifths* of their *slaves*.

When the details of the House of Representatives were disposed of, a more difficult point presented itself in the organization of the Senate. The larger states contended that the same ratio, as to states, should be common to both branches of the Legislature—or in other words, that each state should be entitled to a representation in the Senate, (whatever might be the number fixed on) in proportion to its population, as in the House of Representatives. The smaller states on the other hand contended that the House of Representatives might be considered as the guardian of the liberties of the *people*, and therefore ought to bear a just proportion to *their* numbers; but that the Senate represented the *sovereignty of the States*—and that as each state whether great or small was equally an independent and sovereign state, it ought in this branch of the Legislature to have equal weight and authority; without this they said there could be no security for their equal rights; and they would by such a distribution of power be merged and lost in the larger states.

This reasoning, however plain and powerful, had but little influence on the minds of Delegates from the larger states—and as they formed a large majority of the Convention—the question, after passing through the forms of debate was decided that each state should be represented in the Senate in proportion to its population."

When the Convention had adjourned over to the next day, the Delegates of the four smallest states, i. e. Rhode Island, Connecticut, New-Jersey, and Delaware, convened to consult what course was to be pursued in the important crisis at which we had arrived—after serious investigation, it was solemnly determined, to ask for a *re-consideration* the next morning; and if it was not granted, or if when granted, that offensive feature of the Constitution could not be expunged, and the smaller states put upon an *equal footing* with the largest we would secede from the Convention, and returning to our constituents, inform them that no compact could be formed with the

large states, but one which would sacrifice our sovereignty and independence.

"I was deputed," said General — "to be the organ through which this communication should be made—I know not why, unless it be that *young men* are generally chosen to perform *rash* actions—accordingly, when the Convention had assembled, and as soon as the minutes of the last sittings were read, I rose and stated the view we had taken of the organization of the Senate—our desire to obtain a reconsideration and suitable modification of that article; and in failure thereof, our determination to secede from the Convention and return to our constituents.

This disclosure, it may readily be supposed, produced an immediate, and great excitement in every part of the House. Several members were immediately on the floor to express their surprise or indignation! They represented that the question had received a full and fair investigation, and had been definitively settled by a very large majority—that it was altogether unparliamentary and unreasonable, for one of the minority to propose a reconsideration, at the moment their act had become a matter of record; and without pretending that any new light could be thrown on the subject—that if such a precedent should be established, it would in future be impossible to say when any one point was definitively settled, as a small minority might, at any moment, again and again, move and obtain a reconsideration—they therefore hoped the Convention would express its decided disapprobation, by passing silently to the business before them.

There was much warmth, and some acrimonious feeling exhibited by a number of the speeches—a *rupture* appeared almost inevitable, and the boom of Washington seemed to labour with the most anxious solicitude for its issue. Happily for the United States, the Convention contained some individuals possessed of talents and virtues of the highest order, whose hearts were deeply interested in the establishment of a new and efficient form of government; and whose penetrating minds had already deplored the evils which would spring up in our newly established Republic, should the present attempt to consolidate it prove abortive. Among those personages the most prominent was Dr. Franklin. He was esteemed the Mentor of our body. To a mind naturally strong and capacious, enriched by much reading, and the experience of many years, he added a manner of communicating his thoughts peculiarly his own, in which simplicity, beauty and strength, were equally conspicuous. As soon as the angry orators who preceded him had left him an opening, the Doctor rose, evidently impressed with the weight of the subject before them, and the difficulty of managing it successfully.

(Remainder in our next.)

"JOURNALS OF THE OCEAN"! AGAIN!!

Impudence honoured with a lashing.

Last Saturday, we noticed with the contempt which it deserved, a volume of superlatively stupid nonsense, entitled "Journals of the Ocean." Gentle Reader! would'st thou believe it, the sturdy and gallant hero who is the author of this said poetical young one, has seized in a most furious manner upon our critic's cap and has attempted to tear it into ten thousand pieces! But alas, it is made of 'sterner stuff,' than this poetical hero imagined, for it is as whole and as well-shapen as ever. What is the man at, or, what would he be at? Does he want a further exposure of the disgusting self-sufficiency and stupid insipidity which characterize the volume in question? a volume which would disgrace the most leaden-pated peasant of dull Bœotia itself?

Last week we quoted the author's words, stating that he appeared before the world in the double character of "poet and hero, the minstrel of his own acts and loves;" we now invest this poet and hero," (oh! modesty! whither art thou fled!) with a third title, to which he has successfully established his claim, little as he may have succeeded with regard to the other two; we mean, the title of *impudent bully*. We do not use these words lightly and unmeaningly. This tremendous genius has pounced upon us in a semi-weekly paper, entitled "Coram's Champion," in a low coarse, Billingsgate article, abusing us personally for our criticism of last week upon this miserably stupid trash, which bears the high-sounding title of "Journals of the Ocean" and which has ludicrous vanity has honoured with the name of *poetry*! *Poetry*! Oh, ye Nine Muses, and has it come to this? If a dull blockhead inflicts his nonsense upon the community, and an Editor does not puff it "sky-high," or if he speaks of it with the scorn and contempt it deserves, is he to be abused in vulgar terms, by "the author," whoever he may be? Whatever may be said of the freedom of the press in this country, we can tell this poetical Ajax, that he cannot muzzle ours; if a blockhead thrusts his stupidity before the public, we shall speak of him as a blockhead, and vulgar and unmannerly vituperation shall not shake us from our purpose.

Now then, "to overhaul" this poetical Quixotte:—he accuses us of perverting his lines, in order that we might "find food for censure." Heavens and earth! what a charge:—we can tell this brilliant dunce, that if a jackass were to alter any, and every line of his poetry, the alteration would be an improvement. He complains of typographical errors, which were made by our compositor, and of an error in copying his execrable stuff, which was made by our own pen; and charges us with having purposely altered these. Now we declare this

charge to be false, and we also declare in plain terms, the man who makes the charge, a man destitute of veracity. Unfortunately for this "poet and hero," our printer has preserved the manuscript of last week, and the quotation about which our gifted whale makes such a spouting, stands in the manuscript precisely as it does in his own book. That it was printed differently, was the fault of one of our typesetters, and this "hero and poet" can ascertain the fact, by calling on our printer, who will treat him politely if he behaves himself decently, and will kick him, "hero, poet," and all, out of his office, if he is impertinent.

The quotation above alluded to is thus printed in our last number.

"Each quartered on the battle's verge
Deeds of high enterprise stand to surge;"

Now let this son of the Muses, grandson of Apollo, brother of Homer, and cousin-german of Pindar, call at our printing office, (corner of Washington and Vesey streets) and he will find our manuscript to read thus:—

"Each quartered on the battle's verge
Deeds of high emprise stands to urge!"

And then if his face be not altogether made of brass, let him blush for his impudence, in charging us with designedly altering his abominably stupid doggerel; we should as soon think of altering the fash on of a chimney sweep's "upper Benjamin."

To the mistakes of "had we," instead of "we had, and "ready," instead of "steady," we have to say that the fault does not lie with our compositor, but with ourselves. The quotations were copied hastily from the book which was lent to us, (for we would rather give \$1 50 for an August Oyster, than for a blockhead's doggerel) and if after this, he persists in saying that we altered his text designedly, then we give him for his breakfast the unqualified charge of being impudently and unblushingly false. Let him digest it! We alter his text indeed! who is this mighty and magnificent genius—this man who has quaffed Helicon dry, and who has ridden Pegasus.

"With his whip, spur, saddle, bridle,
Whack fal de dow!"

who is he? whence came he? and whither is he bound? he is a genius of the first water, he came from the printing office of John Gray & Co. printers, and he is bound for the temple of Immortal Fame!

The "POET AND HERO" thinks that we have put in italics some of his text on account of tautology only—not so Sir POET, it was also on account of the GRAMMAR: we never would have taken such a liberty with your immortal text for that alone: some of the finest compositions in the English language, and the finest strokes of genius, are in repetitions as can be seen by turning to the Dramatic poets.

This immortal "Poet," "Minstrel" and "hero" exerts his critical acumen on a poem in our last No. entitled the "Parting" and gives us the credit of having written it. 'tis not ours; it was extracted from the Lit. Coronal (3 vol.) of miscellaneous prose and verse, published in Glasgow, of which only three copies are in this country, and it was from the one sent to us by the Editor, that the printer copied the piece which has given the "poet, hero and minstrel," such food for criticism. We had no desire to show our French scholarship, (for we never pretend to more learning than we are justly intitled to) in the motto to that poem, and because the compositor unfortunately set an x for r this pattern of a critic has made a most grievous matter of "douleur." For the poetry itself, there is not a verse in it, miserable as the "Poet, hero and minstrel" thinks it, that is not worth all that he has written, or ever will write, and on this we are willing to stake our taste and judgment.

And now we will pause for the present with some general observations. Towards the true men of genius that America has produced, we have, in our public capacity, always expressed ourselves in terms of cordiality and just estimation. Bryant, and Halleck, and Percival, and Pinckney, each and all of them will bear witness to this, and each and all of them will thank us cordially and sincerely for driving an impudent intruder from the domain which is hallowed by their genius. We expressed our determination at the beginning of our editorial career, to show no favour to American stupidity and to speak boldly in favour of American genius. We have regularly pursued this plan; and consequently in the present instance, we have been loaded with vulgar scurrility, impudent abuse and base-born vulgarity, for castigating a dunce whose disgusting vanity and brazen-faced self-sufficiency, have intruded him into the society of his superiors in literature and in good manners.

Let the dunce rest for the present.

A word to Master "Coram."—You had better put on a little modesty, Sir, and not disgust those who wish you well by showing your importance before you show your talents. Thus far, your "Champion" is very dull and very insipid; should it change for the better you may then swagger in your columns without being laughed at. But above all Master Coram, do not set yourself up as a judge of poetry, henceforth forever.

Language.—Mr. Cardell has for the last two weeks been engaged in a course of lectures on his new theory of language. His system is rapidly gaining proselytes, and deservedly; for it is founded on true philosophy and common sense.

DESULTORY THOUGHTS & SKETCHES.

No. VI.

(Concluded.)

THE MARRIED MAN.

Jabez himself was of fine form and features, graceful and insinuating in his manners; rich; and fashionable withal, the very man to be the idol of a silly girl. In Julia's eyes, wealth and fashion were all that is valuable in life; and it need not be matter of wonder that such a couple felt a mutual attachment. For awhile they lived in the very hey-day of romance,—they were all the world to themselves.

Love is impatient—it never looks to futurity; as the moment is, so, lovers think will be the hereafter: as the impressions of the heart are, so think they, will they be forever.

Jabez proposed himself and was accepted—splendid preparations were made for the marriage, the nuptial day arrived, and the ceremony was solemnized.

As, is usual in such cases, the young couple were nine days talk and wonder.

"La, now! my dear husband!" said Julia the next day, "what an agreeable thing it is to have people talk of one: how mortified all the young girls will be that, I am married before them, and so happy too."

"O my love!" he replied "it is surely a foretaste of heaven, to call such an angelic creature mine—my wife!"

These were sweet sounding words, but ere the nine days wonder were over, the spell of romance was broken, and they looked on each other no more as the creations of a better sphere, but simply as that hum-drum thing, man and wife. Jabez's ambition was satisfied that he had won her: Julia's pride was humbled to think the world had ceased to talk of her. They each scanned their own hearts, and found not pure and disinterested love, not that sacred inspiration, but vanity had urged them on to wed. The wife never accustomed to think of ought else than dress and pleasure, looked down with disdain on the drudgery of house-keeping—servants grew idle and disobedient, and the natural consequence was, the house, and every thing in it, got into disorder and confusion: the husband used to neatness and regularity, grew querulous, the wife not to be out of tune, turned sulky: Heavens! this was a new trait in the *angel's* character. Jabez had never seen else before, but the gentlest temper and the sweetest smiles. Sour looks grew to harsh words—harsh words to discontent, discontent to dislike, dislike to disgust.

Julia was no companion for any man, she had not a single idea of her own, and never had read a book to find other people's, or if she had, neither mind nor memory was hers to comprehend or remember them. No wit, and too much pride, to attempt to recover her husband's strayed affections. He, no desire to instruct or reclaim her. Her beauty now was so familiar to his sight, that he regarded her as

nothing more than a *mere woman*, passably well looking, like many others of her sex. Home had no longer any attractions—their own fire side was the most disagreeable place in the world. He sought pleasure at horse races, Theatre, or Tavern, forming idle and dissipated companionships.—She, parading Broadway, at assemblies or balls—but alas! there she found no comfort: the swarms of beaux, who flirt around beauty, like moths in sunshine, no longer paid her their adoration—for who cares to be more than civil to a married woman, while there are young ladies present to make love to—she set them down as senseless brutes, she had been accustomed all her life to flattery, and thought it her homage still.

One evening after having experienced marked neglect, as she considered, she sallied home, under my escort, not in the best humour in the world; she met her husband on the piazza, who had just returned from a carousal, for they now invariably went different ways: we entered the parlour—she as mad as a wild cat, (yes this *angel* was furious) he calm as a philosopher. "Well, Mr. Scovil, where have you been?" she demanded in a most uncivil tone.

"Madam, where have you been?"

"O you unfeeling wretch! do you answer me with questions."

"Madam, spare your wrath before a third person for decency's sake."

"Well, Mr. Scovil, I won't be treated like a dumb-brute—no I won't—I shall tell my father how you treat me. It was indeed a luckless day, the day I gave myself to you. "So it was madam,—I agree with you there." "Well," (it was her general preface to every sentence.) "sir, I won't and shan't stay with you to be used after this fashion, I shall have a separate establishment—I shall leave you to-morrow."

"Madam, act in that as may be your pleasure, it were better we ne'er had been joined."

"Well, was there ever such a cruel man in the world,"—at this she wept and sobbed like a very child—and unceremoniously left the apartment.

I never found it to avail much to interfere in the quarrels of husband and wife, so I allowed them to proceed in their own way: but when she was gone, I took the liberty to admonish my friend.

"Mr. Scovil," said I, "I have heard, and now am most sorry to see, that you lead an uncomfortable life."

"Not more sir, than I am myself, I assure you." "Permit me to say that I think you treat Mrs. Scovil with unbecoming severity."—"That is my business and hers—not yours: but sir, you know her not. She is extravagant, idle, selfish, fretful and heartless; I defy a saint to live contentedly with her."

"Nay, do not be so unkind, allow yourself

to have some share in forming her character, therefore take part of her blemishes, (if in reality she has any,) on your own shoulders.—Where husband and wife quarrel, I have generally found faults on both sides."

"As you will: but would to God I had never seen her face—but that is past, now all I have to hope is, that she may"—

"Stop, stop, Jabez, for mercy."

"Sir, all I hope is, that we may separate soon."

"Will not the remembrance of your first meeting, of your courtship, of the faith she reposed in thee, when she gave her love; will not the vows pledged at the holy altar, or the joys of that hour, which brought her a bride into your arms, will not the protection you owe your wife, or lastly, will not the respect due to the world, bring your mind back to treat her as the cherished friend of your bosom?"

"Sir, I have used all these arguments a thousand times to make her worthy of my love, but in vain, I shall try no more. My nature she has completely changed—no more am I what I was. I thank you for your kind interference, 'tis of no avail—I am unhappy, miserably wretched—aye, my feelings are more agonizing than tongue can tell. I repent, yes, from the bottom of my soul repent, the day I saw Julia's face; nay more, the vows I pledged her at the altar, cling to my heart like withering blights, and poison all my hopes of happiness and peace.—I see you would speak—yet, I beseech you, say no more; good night."

I departed—My friend and his wife still live in the same house, for decorum's sake, yet care as little for one another, and know as little of each other's actions as they do of the antipodes: and as they have lived on this footing for several years, I think there is no human probability that they will ever be reclaimed to love and kindness. At all events, they have my prayers, that they may not die till a reconciliation is brought about.

Thus have I sketched the Bachelor and Married Man: the one repeated that he lived single, the other that he married. To all rules there are exceptions, and I trust, nay I know to the latter many—at least, I for one, feel such conviction of this, that I am willing to set my life upon the cast; and, dear Mr. Editor, if you can commend me to some fair dame of whom you think I would be worthy, I pray you use your best exertions in my behalf, or, if your daily avocations do not give you time for this, I beg you will advertise in your paper, (I will not, like some, flatter and call it *INVALUABLE*, for it is not so—he who can count four dollars knows its value,) for a wife on my account, I shall be obliged to you. I need not describe my qualifications—I am pictured in my communication; and though neither so handsome, nor so fashionable, nor even so rich as my friend Jabez Scovil, yet I think I might pass in crowded Broadway,

with my wife by my side, and she be not ashamed of me. But I will not play the egotist and describe myself, yet this I will say, I am in general quiet and unoffending, but when roused, I am *the devil*.

If you could only find me such a wife as Washington Irving has described, I would be the happiest of men.—Often have I dwelt upon that tale and paid homage to the genius of its author; yet I have heard some persons, affecting more taste and judgment than I can *pretend to*, decry both it and she—but find me a Mrs. Leslie, and I will stake my head against an acorn, that I live in bliss, (if God spare me,) till a good old age. I have not yet arrived at “the sere and yellow leaf” that Frank Coldblood attained, when he repented of celibacy, yet, young as I am, (not thirty, yet,) I regret that I have lived so long single, and wish to change my condition.—Mr. Editor, I throw my fate into your hands, well assured that your best endeavors will not be wanting to promote my happiness. X.

REMARKS.

We stake our reputation in saying, that our correspondent X is a *sober* gentleman, for he has been much in *our society*, and from our heart can add, for the information of our fair and single readers, who may have a disposition to try the matrimonial state, that they will find our friend every way befitting the capacity of husband. Whoever, with the intention of becoming a candidate, wishes farther information, will cheerfully receive any satisfaction, *privately*, (of course, for we do not wish our disinterested readers to know all our friend's qualifications, lest some *repent* they are already bound,) by addressing a line to X at our care, will have every particular, and we guarantee, that he sets nothing down of himself, that we do not know and cannot vouch to be truth.

That the self pride of X may not be mortified (though we do not think he has much of it, yet every man has his share,) we earnestly recommend, that from the novel way of getting a husband, ladies may not be deterred from offering themselves as candidates.

EDITOR.

EDITORIAL AND DIABOLICAL DIALOGUE.

Scene, an Editor's study; books and papers in chaos; a lamp burning on the table, whereat the editor, evidently in a brown study, is discovered smoking a cigar and pondering “*ex fumo dare lucem*” to his paragraphs.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir—sir—

Editor. (*Starting from his meditations.*)—Pshaw, you intrusive blockhead—go to the d—l.

Serv. Sir, he is now below and wants you.

Editor. He—who?

Serv. The d—l, sir; he says he has brought the proof-sheet and it must be corrected immediately.

Editor. Very well—show Belzebub up.

[Exit Servant.]

Now for an hour's purgatory in searching out and correcting typographical blunders;—Ixion's wheel was a trifle compared to this torment.

[Enter Devil.]

Good evening to you, master imp, sit down, you and I must have a little talk. I desire to know why you cannot be a little more particular in setting up your types; your rascally blunders will ruin the character of my paper; you convert some of my best written sentences into nonsense by your nefarious forgeries in punctuation, and you make me say what I never meant to say, by your grand larceny upon orthography. I wish, with all my heart that you were at the bottom of the Red Sea, types and all.

Devil. And if I were there, Mr. Editor, what good would that do you—you would have to get another devil, and, search the whole city, you would not find a better.—Though I say it that shouldn't say it, I am a devil of much taste and judgment. Besides to deny that I ever make blunders.

Editor. The deuce you do! why, you brazen imp, look here without blushing, if you can.

(Takes up the Literary Gazette and turns to No. 15, page 172, reads)

“It shows in true colours the *window* of heaven:” now, thou blackest of imps, what in the name of Solomon, in the “*window* of heaven,” Sir, is there any sense in that; it should be the *wisdom* of heaven.”

Devil. Indeed, Mr. Editor, we poor unlettered (tho' always in *letters*) devils, have no right to enquire the meaning of your writings, and I only wonder that we are so accurate, considering the very cramp hands that your good self, and contributors write your articles.

Editor. None of your wit to me, sir Belzebub—look here again.

(Turns to page 174, reads.)

“A tous les *cours* bien nesque la patrie est a chere.”

Now, sir, can you look on that and call it French written by Voltaire?

Devil. Really Mr. Editor, not being a Frenchman, and never having read M. Voltaire cannot say.

Editor. Cannot say, you imp: do not you print French books?

Devil. My Boss has had such work in his day, and in that case, as in the present we copy what is set before us to the best of our ability.

Editor. Have you not an ear?

Devil. Yes, sir, I have two.

Editor. Give me no impertinence, sirrah. I ask you if you have a musical ear? If you have, can you find any cadence in the line as you have printed it. Let me tell you, sirrah,

that a French masculine line has twelve syllables, and a feminine thirteen.

Devil. I did not know that before; I am no scholar sir, but if you tell me how the line should be printed, I will have it corrected in the next Number.

Editor. Then, sir, it should have been

“A tous les *cœurs* bein nes que la patrie est chere.”

Devil. Well sir, I shall go immediately and have it noticed in the *Errata*.

Editor. Stay, sirrah, I am not done. Look here thou careless imp.

“He stood on the Rialto, and saw the *gilt covered* Venetian gondola.” I have neither time nor disposition to argue with you, but let me say, it should have been “*guilt covering*.”—Can you not discover a difference between *gilt* and *guilt*: I verily believe, thou fiend, that were your face the former, in your heart would be the latter.

Devil. Let me tell you, Mr. Editor, that this is a free country, and I won't be aspersed in that way; if you say as much before a witness, I shall take the law of you.

Editor. Sirrah! law was made for rascals, and I believe you are his legitimate son.—Talk to me of law! Take the law of me! go about your business, you diabolical imp; go, or by the powers beneath, I'll send you to your proper domain faster than, if once there, you will ever return. Out, out I say.

(Exit devil, in a hurry.)

Editor solus.

‘Tis a free country this, granted; thanks to the chivalrous souls, who stood the brunt of the septennial war. ‘Tis a free country: granted, but does this give a printer's devil, an ignorant scullion, or an idle negro, liberty, for the merest word or blow, to appeal to the law, and fine their betters, for a breach against *their dignity* and freedom? if this be freedom, if this be law I'll none of it. Would it were law, that, for every typographical error of these blundering devils they should be well bastinadoed: it would save an Editor's nerves, and preserve the character of his paper, thereby retaining many a subscriber which is otherwise lost.

Shall I take up this volume, and correct the errors of the press? No! that would fill fifty pages, which would not only be a tax on our time, but also on our readers' patience. I'll let it alone. My subscribers are people of good discernment, which is incontestibly proved by their taking the paper, so I will e'en trust to their own sound judgment to correct the errors as they read, and their own indulgence to excuse them. 'Tis midnight, I will to rest. Sleep! death's gentle sister, sweet nature's balmy nurse: (*Yawns.*) O how I love thy soft and gentle—(*Yawns.*) O dear! I am asleep.

Exit Editor to his bed-chamber.

Those who speak fine things concerning virtue, but reduce none of their doctrines to practice, resemble musical instruments, which produce an agreeable sound, while devoid of sentiment.

"You will be influenced by your associates. If you mix with the trifling, you will trifle; if you mix with the gay, you will be thoughtless; if you mix with the wicked, you will be wicked."

THE BLACK LIST.

JULIUS BLACKWELL, of Tioga county, has neglected to pay for his paper, although written to by our clerk three several times after his year of subscription terminated.

GEORGE THOMAS, St. Lawrence co. has not paid.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

N. B. That there may be no mistake and no unnecessary apprehensions on the subject of the Black List, it is proper to state, that these are subscribers to the Minerva, which paper I purchased about fourteen months ago, and which was incorporated with the New-York Literary Gazette, last September. The year of these subscribers expired last April, and due warning has been given to all. Our good subscribers have nothing to fear from the Black List—no name shall be inserted hastily, unadvisedly or unjustly—but when once inserted there shall it remain.

A. WILLIAMS,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

AND

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

ALSO, AGENT FOR LOANING MONEY, AND
INSURANCE AGAINST FIRE,

No. 500 Grand street.

THEODORE ALLEN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Notary Public and Commissioner.

No. 32 PINE-STREET, NEW-YORK.

BOOK-BINDING.—The subscriber takes this method of informing his friends and the public, that he still continues the *BOOK-BINDING BUSINESS*, in all its various branches, at No. 83, Cross-street, where all who may favour him with a call may rest assured their work shall be executed with neatness and despatch.

Blank books ruled and bound, and warranted to be equal to any in the city.

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JOHN H. MINUSE.

N. B. Subscribers to the "Literary Gazette" can have their volumes bound in calf, or any kind of binding by sending them to the above place.

Music books, gentlemen's libraries, old books, and publications, bound to any pattern, and at the shortest notice. July 1.

AMERICAN TRAVELLER, AND STAGE REGISTER.

THE TRAVELLER is published on Tuesdays and Fridays, on a large imperial sheet, by Badger & Porter, at No. 81 Court-street, Boston, and contains a great variety of Literary and Scientific matter—Manufacturing, Agricultural and Commercial Intelligence—information interesting and important to travellers—the latest Foreign and Domestic news—Marine list—Prices Current &c. &c. As a vehicle of general advertising it offers singular advantages, having a more extensive circulation among places of public resort, such as Stage Houses, Steam-Boats, Hotels, Reading Rooms, &c. than any other paper in New-England.

The Stage Register, a publication very useful to travellers, is issued in a neat pamphlet form as an accompaniment to the Traveller, once in two months; and furnishes a full account of the principal line of Stages Steam-Boats, and Canal Packets in the New-England states and the state of New-York.

Price of the Traveller, \$4 per ann.; of the Traveller and Register, \$5 per ann. half in advance.
July, 1826.

JONES' "CHURCH HISTORY."—A few copies of the *First American Edition* of "THE HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH, from the Birth of Christ to the Eighteenth Century," including the very interesting Account of the Waldenses and Albigenses," may be had, at the Bookstore of Gould & Banks, corner of Nassau and Spruce streets, opposite the Park, and at the Printing-Office, corner of Washington and Vesey-streets.

The London Edition of this very interesting and able Work is printed in two volumes, making more than 1100 octavo pages. The copies now offered for sale, contain in one volume word for word, the whole of the two English volumes.

Various well written episodes (says the Monthly Review) add greatly to the value of the Work: among which deserve to be distinguished the author's account of the *sacking of Rome by Alaric*, the origin and progress of monkery, and the rise and propagation of Mahomedism; and the volumes are enlivened by a great number of very interesting anecdotes.

The History of the Waldensian Churches occupies half of the Work; and in giving their history, it is sufficient to say, that in the volume, the footsteps of Christ's "little flock," are traced from the days of the apostles, through every successive age to our own times, the horrible persecutions for which several centuries they sustained, on account of their inflexible adherence "to the testimony of God and the faith of Jesus," are faithfully narrated; and the power and faithfulness of Christ, in preserving the burning bush from being utterly consumed, and in making the blood of the martyrs the seed of the church, are signally and visibly displayed.

N. B. The English copies of the Work have been selling in this country for *Eight Dollars*—while the American copies are offered at the very low price of *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents*.

Extracts from American Testimonies and Recommendations.

From William Staughton, President of Columbia College, Washington City.

"I have read with pleasure, The History of the Christian Church; including an account of the Waldenses and Albigenses" by William Jones....I consider it a most valuable production, and deserving the attention of all who are desirous of becoming familiar with Ecclesiastical History at one of its most interesting periods."

From Samuel H. Cox, Pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Light-street, N. Y.

"I have owned for some time, and read the whole of the two octavo volumes of the fourth London edition of the History of the Christian Church, from the Birth of Christ to the Eighteenth Century, and from experience of its value, can recommend it to the confidence of all with whom my name may have influence, on the score of evangelical piety, historical authenticity, and laudable simplicity of narration."

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MOSES HOBSON, No. 151 Broadway.

LECTURES ON LANGUAGE.—Mr. CARDELL will commence, in the course of ten weeks, a series of *Lectures on the Principles of Speech*, under the following heads:—

General view of Language in its earliest forms, deduced from an examination of elementary principles, compared with the condition of man in savage and pastoral communities.

Invention of Letters, and brief history of their progress, with notice of the most important changes to which speech has been subjected from political and moral causes.

History of the English language, from the invasion of Britain by Julius Cesar to the present time.

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Adverbs or contractions.

Prepositions.

Different kinds of words which have been considered as Conjunctions.

Sounds not reducible to the regular forms of speech.

Interjections.

Structure of sentences, with a brief notice of the physical and intellectual laws on which the leading rules of speech depend.

For the convenience of teachers, extra lessons will be given in the immediate application of the above principles to the business of instruction in schools.

The course will include nine or ten lectures, from an hour to an hour and a half each, commencing at 8 o'clock in the evening. June 24.

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